Any person who takes the paper regularly from the post-office, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay.
The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

GIRLS' FORTUNES.

The children were trying their fortunes one day,
By naming their buttons in this funny way:
A "rich man," a "poor man," a "beggar," a "thief,"
"A "doctor," a "lawyer," an "Indian Chief."
Our Kate got the "rich man,"
And Margie the "chief,"
But dear little Bessie was wed to a thief.

The children laughed merrily over their play,
For whom they would wed *did not matter that day.*
I laughed with them, too, but nevertheless,
The thought of the husband alotted to Bess
Gave me a queer feeling—
Sent a pang through my heart
Though I knew it was *fun*—it gave me a start.

Imagine my darling to womanhood grown,
As fair and as sweet as a rose newly blown,
Being married to one of the young men in vogue,
And after awhile to find him a rogue.
What sadder misfortune
Could fall to her lot
Or tarnish her name with an uglier blot?

That such things have happened, we can not deny,
The newspapers flaunt them each day to the eye.
Some bank has been swindled—we read it with dread—
Some name has been forged, and the guilty one fled,
And the innocent children
And wife left to face
The terrible stigma of shame and disgrace.

Then girls, take advice, be careful and wise,
Do not let appearances dazzle your eyes,
Be sure that the man you've chosen for life
Is honest and upright and worth a good wife;
Or else, you will wish,
Many times, I'm afraid,
You were single again, even if an old maid.

And one other thing, girls, I've heard it's been said,
When husbands in this sad temptation were led,
An "extravagant wife" is made the excuse,
To atone for their fault—a very poor ruse—
But sometimes perhaps,
It may be too true,
To show and "high living" their downfall is due.

So girls, when you marry and start a new life,
Just make up your mind to be a true wife;
On following the fashion, don't be too intent,
Nor struggle for "style" till it brings discontent.
Remember that happiness
Came never yet,
By running ahead of ones means into debt.
—*Grandma, in Christian at Work.*

MURDEROUS NATIVES.

Harrowing Tales of their Diabolical Treachery.

Only Two Out of Nine Escape—Mowing the Black-Skinned Devils Down with Shot from a Six-Pounder—Sweet Revenge.

In the year that our civil war broke out I left Honolulu for a trading trip among the islands to the south, but being more particularly bound for the Paumotu Islands, which lie to the southeast, on the Tropic of Capricorn. There are fifteen or twenty groups of islands in the South Pacific, and while the residents of some are civilized and living like white folks, there are others inhabited by scoundrelly gangs. There are about thirty islands, large and small, in the Paumotu group, and in 1861 there wasn't a native among them who was not a thief and a liar when dealing with white men. I think there were two or three English missionaries on the larger island at the date I mention, but their influence was limited. The natives were a sneaking lot, always playing for some point of advantage, and were rather held in contempt by the traders. They would cheat, steal and lie, but no one supposed them brave enough to attack a vessel.

Our craft was a fine, new schooner, built on the model of a fruiter, and one of the fastest crafts ever propelled by wind power. She was also easy to handle, and carried a dry deck through seas which would have wet a frigate fore and aft. She was commanded by Captain Walters, a very competent man, while I had the berth of first mate. Our second was a Mr. Sheppard, and we had six men before the mast. We were loaded with articles of traffic, and our armament consisted of one six-pounder on a carriage and a dozen swords and muskets. The Captain had made two previous voyages to the islands, and he had a very poor opinion of the courage of the natives.

We had an uneventful voyage to within one hundred miles of the islands, when we encountered the brig 'Frisco, which had also been on a trading voyage. She showed a signal of distress, and I was ordered to go aboard in response. Her original crew of ten men had been reduced one-half, and the Captain was in need of the services of a surgeon, having a bad scalp wound and two cuts on the shoulder. Three days before, as the brig had completed her cargo, the native had made a determined effort to capture her. Three of her crew had been killed, one drowned, and a fifth carried off a prisoner, and only one man of the five remaining had escaped being wounded. In repelling the natives thirty or forty of them had been slaughtered, and the Captain's advice to us was to seek some other port. We could not spare the brig any hands, but we fixed up the wounded as well as we could, our Captain went aboard to hear the particulars of the fight, and when the vessels separated we held to our original course.

"I am not to be scared out by his yarn, Mr. Winters," he said to me. "I know those nigger natives, and I know that they haven't the courage of a sheep. I suspect that the crew of the brig and the natives went on a big drunk together, and the whisky brought about a quarrel, in which the sailors knifed each other."

"But it won't be much trouble to take proper precautions," I, replied.

"Oh, no. You will have full charge when we get on trading grounds, as I will have to look after the barter. Take such precautions as you like, though I think it will be trouble for nothing."

My bump of caution is decidedly prominent. As a sailor I always preferred to snug down and stow away before the storm broke. I got up the cutlasses and found them about as sharp as spades. The muskets were rusty and out of repair, and the caps and bullets stowed away where I had a long hunt to find them. We were in sight of the islands before I had the arms in good shape, and the Captain had indulged in more than one chuckle over my efforts. There were three or four rulers distributed about the group, but the head man recognized by traders was known by the title of "Old Lop." His left shoulder was badly down, and he was old and skinny. Instead of being called lop-shouldered, the sailors gave him the briefer and more expressive nickname of "Old Lop." He lived on an island known to us in those days as the Horseshoe, and this was about the center of the group. There were safe channels among the isles, and a craft lying off the Horseshoe was perfectly sheltered in any sort of weather. We were a whole day making our way down through the channels, and it struck me as very curious that all the native boats kept well out of hail. We sighted a score or more of them, but they wanted nothing of us. In three or four cases where the Captain bawled at them through his trumpet we heard their defiance in answer.

When we reached our anchorage it was nearly dusk. Only one boat came off to us, and the native who boarded us acted to me like a man bent on some errand of mischief. He said that trade was dull and Old Lop sick of fever, but that he would see on the morrow what could be done. Our captain was the only one aboard who could talk the lingo, and for reasons of his own he did not let on that he had encountered the brig or had a suspicion that any thing had happened. As soon as night came I put the watch under arms, and twice during the night we heard sounds to prove that we were being spied upon. Next morning, however, things assumed a different look. Several boats came off, the captain was invited ashore, and a messenger from Old Lop said that trade would be good. We wanted dye-woods, roots, barks, cocoanut kernels, and other products, and when the captain landed he had assurances that we could fill up in a week. Not a native had a word to say about the brig, but the captain soon saw broken heads enough to satisfy him that there had been a row. Old Lop had been knocked silly by a blow from a capstan bar, instead of having fever, and the women had blackened their thumbs, as they never do except when in mourning.

We lay at anchor a quarter of a mile from the beach, and when the captain returned he gave orders to have the schooner taken into a little cove within biscuit throw of the sand. The natives had complained that it was too much work to pull the cargo out to us. I asked the captain if it didn't look like a plot to get us in a helpless situation, and he laughed and replied:

"The row with the brig will last these fellows for a good while yet. They don't seem to cry for me as they did when here before, but there's plenty of trade, and we'll get 'em good-natured after a bit. You've got charge, and you can point your guns as you like."

We pulled the schooner into the cove, and for three days the natives brought us stuff as fast as we could stow it away. The captain spent most of his time ashore, and whenever he came aboard it was to announce that the natives were in better humor, and that we need not be apprehensive. Had I not had all the men with me in my suspicions I should no doubt have relaxed my vigilance. Each sailor, however, by catching on to this or that, was satisfied that danger menaced, and were only too glad to see preparations made to meet it. I had the cannon loaded with whatever would answer for canister, muskets and cutlasses kept ready, and would not allow over ten natives aboard at once. They had bows and arrows and spears and clubs, with now and then an old musket, and each one who came had to leave all weapons behind. On the third day I saw no less than three of them cut a notch on a stick to represent each one of us, and those who came aboard had a smack of the impudent in their demeanor.

On the fourth morning not a native came off to us, and when the captain went ashore with a new stock of liquor to propitiate Old Lop he found that it was a holiday with the people, and that all were excused from work. He sent me word to let all go ashore who wished, and when I made the announcement every hand was off except one. A foremast man named Parker, a steady, middle-aged man, finding that I was to stay, asked that he might keep me company, and we had scarcely been left alone when he said:

"Mr. Winters, I beg your pardon for being so bold of speech, but I don't like the look of things ashore."

"Nor I, either."

"I am glad, sir, that we are agreed, for I think there'll be throat-cutting done before night. I haven't been easy at all since we dropped anchor here. I've been among the Feejee, Tonga, Phoenix, Union and other groups, and these niggers are too saucy for men who haven't got a plot on hand."

"And what do you think of the holiday?"

"All moonshine, sir. It is an excuse to get all of us on shore. These niggers have a holiday every day in the year, so far as that goes. It isn't for the likes of me to give you advice, but I think we should get ready for a row."

I thought so, too. We took the cover off the mainsail and hoisted it part way up, ran up the jib, uncovered the foresail, and acted as two men might who were caring for a craft at anchor. We lay headed toward the channel, as the tide was running in, and had only enough chain out to let her swing. We overhauled the cable, and fixed it for slipping, got the cannon aft, where it could have a raking fire, and were then as ready as two men could be. Ashore all was hilarity and confusion, with natives marching up and down and beating their drums and blowing their horns. We had made the preparations spoken of, when the captain sent one of the men off to us to tell us to come ashore, as every body was having a good time. I questioned the messenger closely, but he had seen nothing suspicious. I sent word that we might come soon, but did not intend to move a foot. Two hours passed, and we had remarked that the tide had just turned, when Old Lop sent us a pressing invitation, backed by a second message from the captain. The sailor had been aloft with the glass, and on coming down reported that our men were acting as if drunk, and that every native appeared to be armed. I sent back word that I would not leave the schooner, and half an hour later the expected climax came. We heard a general howling and shouting, and Parker, who was again aloft, hurried down to report that he had seen three of our crew clubbed to death. He had scarcely gained the deck when about two hundred natives made a rush for the canoes drawn up opposite us. While we were not more than one hundred feet from the shore, in water about three fathoms deep, the natives had to swim or take to their canoes. There were lots of sharks in the cove, and so none of them ventured to plunge in.

While Parker ran to slip the cable I ran aft to the wheel. There was a bit of a breeze, and favorable at that, while the run of the tide alone would take us slowly out. Time was what we wanted, and seeing that the canoes were ready to shove off I trained the gun a little lower, applied my lighted cigar to the priming, and no one discharge from a six-pounder ever had a greater effect. It destroyed three or four canoes, killed or wounded a score of natives, and the smoke had scarcely blown away before the schooner began moving. The natives were checked for the moment, giving us time to hoist the mainsail a little higher, and when they began the pursuit we were moving down the channel at about three miles an hour. It was lucky that I had cleaned up the muskets and prepared a plenty of ammunition. But for the firearms we would have been boarded with a rush, for upward of a hundred natives crowded into canoes to pursue. The channel was narrow, but well defined, and while I held the wheel and kept her going Parker was busy with the muskets. He fired in turn at each canoe, and whenever he hit a man it threw all into confusion and checked pursuit for several minutes. By and by he got time enough to reload the cannon, and this time he rammed in a solid shot. The natives seemed to look upon it as a gun which had only one speech or report and though the solid shot hit no one, their confusion was very great. Soon after this Parker killed a man in the foremost canoe, and then all fell back.

We now got the foresail on her and the other jibs, and the schooner crept along so fast that pursuit was given over, much to our satisfaction. We kept to the southward, following the channels between the Islands, until about five o'clock in the afternoon, when we met the trading schooner Junta, owned by our same firm, which had loaded at the Tubal Islands, and was going to add a few more packages at the Horseshoe. We divided the crews and sailed around to the Tongas, where two whalers were refitting. We here got enough volunteers to increase our number to fifty, borrowed muskets and cutlasses, and returned to Old Lop's headquarters in the 'Frisco. He showed fight when we landed, but soon became panic stricken and ceased resistance. We first made sure that all our men had been murdered, and then the men were let loose for revenge. They were a wild lot, and they felt it necessary to teach the natives a lesson, and the hunting down and killing went on for three days. Neither age nor sex met with mercy, and the number of victims must have counted up fully two hundred. The Horseshoe was, in fact, depopulated, and since that date no native in any of the groups has dared to raise his hand against a white man, much less plot the slaughter of a crew and the taking of a ship.—*N. Y. Sun.*

MASTODONS IN ALASKA.

A Queer Report Circulated by a Band of Northern Indians.

That the mastodon was once common in Alaska is certain from the great number of their skeletons, found in the marshes and clay banks of the Yukon and northern plains; but that this huge pachyderm still exists there in the living state has never been deemed likely, or even conjectured until recently. This conjecture rests on reports by way of the Stick Indians on the White river, a tributary of the Yukon.

The account is that while hunting on a wooded bottom, a few miles from this river, two Indians came upon a trail, consisting of enormous tracks fully two feet across, and deeply imprinted in the moss and earth, strewn along near which were broken branches of the trees. Following cautiously on these signs, they at length heard the noise of the creature feeding, and presently spied a prodigious animal, as large, they assert, as a white man's house—meaning the trader's one-story store. Its teeth, they declared, were as long as a man's leg, and curved outward, while its ears were likened to a seal-skin in size. In color it was represented to be dark brown. It leaned against a dead tree-stub, and scratched its side, and its body seemed to be covered with patches of coarse brown hair. Terrified at the sight of such enormous game, the two hunters promptly retreated.

Other native hunters corroborate this story with similar accounts of their experiences; accounts which they are reluctant to relate for fear of ridicule, or from some superstitious feelings regarding the matter. The uncharitable attribute the apparition of the strange beast to the vision-disturbing effects of *hoochinoo*—a particularly villainous kind of whisky distilled from molasses. Others rejoin that these Indians never take *hoochinoo* while on a hunt—or, in other words, that they never go on a hunt as long as there is any *hoochinoo* left in the *rancheric.*

This may be subjecting the narrative of the natives to a somewhat harsh criticism, the more so when it is considered that one of the two who saw the supposed mastodon is an Indian of known probity and good character—he with three others of his tribe having brought down to the trading post the body of the late murdered bishop.

Let us hope that these Indians have really seen a mastodon, and that it may, in due course, figure in the place of the lamented Jumbo, and not only substantiate the theories of the savants, but delight the eyes of every boy and girl in the United States.—*Youth's Companion.*

—A Vermont citizens who started out to buy a wedding suit got drunk instead, and, on returning home, committed suicide.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

The Position Woman Occupies as Compared to That of Man.

"Do you take an interest in the position of women, Waldo?"

"No."

"I thought not. No one does, unless one is in need of a subject upon which to show his wit. . . . I'm sorry you don't care for the position of women; I should have liked us to be friends; and it is the only thing about which I think much, or feel much."

Waldo looked at her. It was hard to say whether she were in earnest or mocking.

"I know it is foolish. Wisdom never kicks at the iron walls it can't bring down," she said. "But we are cursed, Waldo; born cursed from the time our mothers bring us into the world till the shrouds are put on us. Do not look at me as though I were talking nonsense. Every thing has two sides—the outside that is ridiculous, and the inside that is solemn."

"I am not laughing," said the boy, sedately enough; "but what curses you?"

He thought she would not reply to him, she waited so long.

"It is not what is done to us, but what is made of us," she said at last, "that wrongs us. No man can be really injured but by what modifies himself. We all enter the world little plastic beings, with so much natural force, perhaps, but for the rest—blank; and the world tells us what we are to be, and shapes us by the ends it sets before us. To you it says, *Work!* and to us it says, *Seem!* To you it says, As you approximate to man's highest ideal of God, as your arm is strong and your knowledge great, and the power to labor is with you, so you shall gain all that human heart desires. To us it says, Strength shall not help you, nor knowledge, nor labor. You shall gain what men gain, but by other means. And so the world makes men and women.

"Look at this little chin of mine, Waldo, with the dimple in it. It is but a small part of my person; but though I had a knowledge of all things under the sun, and the wisdom to use it, and the deep loving heart of an angel, it would not stead me through life like this little chin. I can win money with it; I can win love, I can win power with it, I can win fame. What would knowledge help me? The less a woman has in her head, the lighter she is for climbing. I once heard an old man say that he never saw intellect help a woman so much as a pretty ankle; and it was the truth. They begin to shape us to our accursed end," she said, with her lips drawn in to look as though they smiled, "when we are tiny things in shoes and socks. We set with our little feet drawn up under us in the window, and look out at the boys in their happy play. We want to go. Then a loving hand is laid on us. 'Little one, you can not go, they say; 'your little face will burn, and your nice white dress will be spoiled." We feel it must be for our good, it is so lovingly said; but we can not understand, and we kneel still with one little check pressed wistfully against the pane. Afterwards we go and thread blue beads, and make a string for our neck; and we go and stand before the glass. We see the complexion we were not to spoil, and the white frock, and we look into our own great eyes. Then the curse begins to act on us. It finishes its work when we are grown women, who no more look out wistfully at a more healthy life; we are contented, We fit our sphere as a Chinese woman's foot fits her shoe—exactly as though God had made them both; and yet He knows nothing of either. In some of us the shaping to our end has been quite completed. The parts we are not to use have been quite atrophied, and have even dropped off; but in others—and we are not less to be pitied—they have been weakened and left. We wear the bandages, but our limbs have not grown to them; we know that we are compressed, and chafe against them.

"But what does it help? A little bitterness, a little longing when we are young, a little futile searching for work, a little passionate striving for room for the exercise of our powers—and then we go with the drove. A woman must march with her regiment. In the end she must be trodden down or go with it; and if she is wise she goes.

"I see in your great eyes what you are thinking," she said, glancing at him. "I always know what the person I am talking to is thinking of. How is this woman who makes such a fuss worse off than I? I will show you by a very little example. We stand here at this gate this morning, both poor, both young, both friendless; there is not much to choose between us. Let us turn away, just as we are, to make our way in life. This evening you will come to a farmer's house. The farmer, albeit you come alone and on foot, will give you a pipe of tobacco and a cup of coffee and a bed. If he has no dam to build and no child to teach, to-morrow you can go on your way with a friendly greeting of the hand. I, if I come to the same place to-night, will have strange questions asked me, strange glances cast on me. The Boer-wife will shake her head and give me food to eat with the Kaffirs, and a right to sleep with the dogs. That would be the first step in our progress—a very little one, but every step to the end would repeat it. We were equals once when we lay new-born babes on our nurses' knees. We shall be equals again when they tie up our jaws for the last sleep!"

Waldo looked in wonder at the little quivering face; it was a glimpse into a world of passion and feeling wholly new to him.

"Mark you," she said, "we have always this advantage over you—we can at any time step into ease and competence where you must labor patiently for it. A little weeping, a little wheedling, a little self-degradation, a little careful use of our advantage, and then some man will say, 'Come, be my wife!' With good looks and youth, marriage is easy to attain. There are men enough; but a woman who has sold herself, even for a ring and a new name, need hold her skirts aside for no creature in the street. They both earn their bread in one way. Marriage for love is the most beautiful external symbol of the union of two souls; marriage without it is the uncleanliest traffic that defiles the world." She ran her little finger savagely along the topmost bar, shaking off the dozen little dew-drops that still hung there. "And they tell us we haven't men's chivalrous attention!" she cried. "When we ask to be doctors, lawyers, law-makers, any thing but ill-paid drudges, they say, 'No; but you have men's chivalrous attentions; now think of that and be satisfied! What would you do without it?'"

The bitter little silvery laugh, so seldom heard, rang out across the bushes. She bit her little teeth together.

"I was coming up in Cobb & Co.'s the other day. At a little wayside hotel we had to change the large coach for a small one. We were ten passengers, eight men and two women. As I sat in the house the gentlemen came and whispered to me, 'There is not room for all in the new coach, take your seat quickly.' We hurried out, and they gave me the best seat, and covered me with rugs because it was drizzling. Then the last passenger came running up to the coach—an old woman with a wonderful bonnet, and a black shawl pinned with a yellow pin.

"'There is no room,' they said; 'you must wait till next week's coach takes you up;' but she climbed on to the step, and held on at the window with both hands.

"'My son-in-law is ill, and I must go and see him,' she said.

"'My good woman,' said one, 'I am really exceedingly sorry that your son-in-law is ill; but there is absolutely no room for you here.'

"'You had better get down,' said another, 'or the wheel will catch you.'

"I got up to give her my place.

"'Oh, no, no!' they cried, 'we will not allow that.'

"'I will rather kneel,' said one, and he crouched down at my feet; so the woman came in.

"There were nine of us in that coach, and only one showed chivalrous attention, and that was a woman to a woman. I shall be old and ugly too one day, and I shall look for men's chivalrous help, but I shall not find it. The bees are very attentive to the flowers till their honey is done, and then they fly over them. I don't know if the flowers feel grateful to the bees; they are great fools if they do."

"But some women," said Waldo, speaking as though the words forced themselves from him at that moment, "some women have power."

She lifted her beautiful eyes to his face.

"Power! Did you ever hear of men being asked whether other souls should have power or not? It is born in them. You may dam up the fountain of water, and make it a stagnant marsh, or you may let it run free and do its work; but *you* can not say whether it shall be there; *it is there.* And it will act, if not openly for good, then covertly for evil; but it will act. If Goethe had been stolen away a child, and reared in a robber-horde in the depths of a German forest, do you think the world would have had Faust and Iphigenie? But he would have been Goethe still—stronger, wiser than his fellows. At night, round their watch-fire, he would have chanted wild songs of rapine and murder, till the dark faces about him were moved and trembled. His songs would have echoed on from father to son, and nerved the heart and arm—for evil. Do you think, that if Napoleon had been born a woman, that he would have been contented to give small tea-parties and talk small scandal? He would have risen; but the world would not have heard of him as it hears of him now—a man great and kingly, with all his sins; he would have left one of those names that stain the leaf of every history—the names of women who, having power, but being denied the right to exercise it openly, rule in the dark, covertly, and by stealth, through the men whose passions they feed on and by whom they climb.

"Power!" she said suddenly, smiting her little hand on the rail. "Yes, we have power; and since we are not to expend it in tunnelling mountains, nor healing diseases, nor making laws, nor money, nor on any extraneous object, we expend it on *you.* You are our goods, our merchandise, our material for operating on; we buy you, we sell you, we make fools of you, we act the wily old Jew with you, we keep six of you crawling to our little feet, and praying only for a touch of our little hand; and they say truly, there was never an ache or a pain or a broken heart but a woman was at the bottom of it. We are not to study law, nor science, nor art, so we study you. There is never a nerve or fibre in your man's nature but we know it. We keep five or six of you dancing in the palm of one little hand," she said, balancing her outstretched arm gracefully, as though tiny beings disported themselves in its palm. "There—we throw you away, and you sink," she said, folding her arms composedly. "There was never a man who said one word for woman but he said two for man, and three for the whole human race."—*Olive Schreiner, in Woman's Column.*

NEW SUFFRAGE NOTES.

REV. AMANDA WAY was a co-laborer with Dr. Mary F. Thomas in the early woman suffrage and temperance work in Indiana, and has lived and worked chiefly in Kansas of late years.

THE cause of woman's rights in France has progressed to the point of the introduction of a bill to grant to trades women paying licenses the right to vote at elections of judges of the Tribunal of Commerce.

THE Vermont Legislature having refused women the right to vote in municipal elections, certain women have sent in a petition declaring that "taxation without representation is tyranny," and asking to have all taxes removed from property owned by women.

A DISPATCH from Madrid, Spain, says that the cabinet has approved a bill which grants suffrage to all persons over twenty-five years of age, who have had a residence of two years in the same place, except officers, soldiers, paupers and criminals. Are Spanish women "persons?" And if not, what are they?

THE POPULAR VOTE.

Some Facts About Which Democratic Scribblers Are Silent.

Although the President and Vice-President of the United States are not elected by the popular vote and never will be, as the smaller States in population will always be strong enough in numbers to defeat a constitutional amendment to that effect, if offered, there is naturally a good deal of interest felt in the popular vote as cast for Presidential electors in the Nation as a whole.

The following table, made from the official returns in nearly every case, shows the Republican and Democratic pluralities respectively, as counted by the officials in charge. The final returns are not likely to change these figures more than a few hundreds in the aggregate, if as much:

Harrison's Pluralities.		*Cleveland's Pluralities.*	
California	7,683	Alabama	63,113
Colorado	13,224	Arkansas	27,219
Illinois	22,201	Delaware	3,441
Indiana	2,348	Florida	12,992
Iowa	31,712	Connecticut	336
Kansas	80,176	Georgia	69,019
Maine	23,253	Kentucky	28,636
Massachusetts	31,457	Louisiana	54,391
Michigan	22,906	Maryland	6,182
Minnesota	33,017	Mississippi	55,375
Nebraska	27,873	Missouri	25,701
Nevada	1,939	New Jersey	7,149
N. Hampshire	2,370	North Carolina	13,118
New York	14,372	South Carolina	52,385
Ohio	19,599	Tennessee	18,758
Oregon	6,749	Texas	146,463
Pennsylvania	79,571	Virginia	1,539
Rhode Island	4,439	West Virginia	1,150
Vermont	28,444		
Wisconsin	21,271		
Total	474,040	Total	574,848

Cleveland's plurality, 100,808.

This shows about 100,000 plurality for Cleveland, but that the figures given for some of the Southern States represent the vote as cast no intelligent person believes. The Republican voters in these States were either driven from the polls or their votes were not counted. Saying nothing about the other Southern States in which more or less fraud was committed, attention is invited to the condition of affairs exhibited in five of them: Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina. These States, as shown by the above table, return a plurality of 281,923 votes for Cleveland. Were it not for the returns from these States, Cleveland would be in a minority of nearly 200,000. Do these figures exhibit the vote cast, or that would be cast under a free ballot? The following table may throw some light on that subject. It shows the total number of white and colored voters in these States according to the census of 1880, and the number of votes counted for Harrison on November 6:

	White voters.	*Col'd voters.*	*Harrison's vote.*
Alabama	141,461	118,423	57,195
Georgia	177,967	143,471	40,443
Louisiana	108,810	107,977	30,181
Mississippi	108,254	130,278	30,096
South Carolina	86,900	118,889	13,740
Total	623,392	619,038	171,655

These five States cast 447,383 white votes for Cleveland, and, approximately, 100,000 for Harrison. This would leave about 71,000 as the number cast by colored citizens out of a total of 619,038, which has undoubtedly increased to over 700,000 since 1880. Only one in ten of the colored voters were allowed to have their votes counted for the party of their choice. More than 600,000 of them in these States alone were disfranchised. On a full vote and fair count in these States Harrison would have carried them by an aggregate plurality of not less than 150,000, instead of Cleveland having 282,000 plurality, and Harrison's plurality in the whole country would have been over 330,000. Add to that 100,000 Republican votes, white and colored, suppressed in other Southern States, and 70,000 Republican plurality in the Territories that the Democrats have kept out of the Union, and it is perfectly plain that on a fair deal all around Harrison would have a plurality of 500,000 of the popular vote, and a majority of 125,000 over all.—*Cleveland Leader.*

DEMOCRATIC DESPOND.

How the Grand Republican Victory Has Affected the Opposition.

The most experienced and clear-headed observers at the National capital declare that within the past forty or fifty years the magnates of no beaten party have been so demoralized and disheartened as the Democratic party chiefs and Congressmen are at this moment. The leaders do not consult with their followers, the members of the two branches of Congress do not confer together, while there is no concert of action in either Senate or House in the initiation of any sort of legislation. Democratic Senators sit dumb and spiritless while their Republican antagonists are passing the protectionist Tariff bill section by section. A show of opposition, it is true, is made when the votes are taken on the provisions of the measure, but it is of the most feeble and perfunctory sort.

Charles Nordhoff, one of the oldest and best-known journalists in Washington, and a Democrat himself, calls the Democrats in Congress a "mob," and says that "when a mob is beaten it does not pick itself up." Testimony from other Democratic sources is of a similar tenor. Undoubtedly one cause of the Democratic apathy is the aversion and distrust which the party holds for the President. He was never popular among his supporters. Democrats voted for him in 1884 because they saw that his candidacy offered them a chance of restoration to power. They voted for him for the sake of the spoils and patronage which a Republican candidate weak in the pivotal State would permit Cleveland to gain for them. And now, when his defeat makes it safe for the Democracy to openly declare the dislike and contempt for him which had hitherto been concealed, the semblance of discipline and coherency which the party had previously maintained is cast aside.

Another and perhaps the principal cause of the Democratic demoralization is the hopelessness of the outlook for the party. Before the next Presidential election takes place the apportionment based on the census of 1890 will have been made, and this will show a large relative increase in the strength of the Republican sections of the country. The gain in population in the North is greater than it is in the South, and this gain will be augmented by the admission to Statehood of three or four Territories which will choose Republican electors. Cast their eyes in whatever direction they may, the Democracy can discover no sign of encouragement in the coming time. If there is any ray of hope for them in the near future the party watchers on the lookout are unable to discern it. Under similar circumstances men with great fortitude and broader and grander philosophy than the Clevelands, Millses, Carlisles and Vests possess would feel something of the same apathy and discouragement which the Democratic leaders experience to-day.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

WHAT THE SOUTH IS.

The Question Answered by Mayor Skaggs, of Talladega, Ala.

The idea of disfranchising the black men of the South, as recently advanced by Congressman Oates, of Alabama, is not the exclusive possession of that representative Southern statesman. The proposition, in fact, is held and advocated by many in the South. The argument is simply that "the South can not continue to disfranchise the negroes illegally and that the end should be secured in legal form by means of an amendment to the Federal constitution. Perhaps the clearest and frankest statement of the reason for this demand is made by Mayor Skaggs, of Talladega, Ala., who, in the course of an elaborate article which is attracting considerable attention in the South, says:

The Democratic party in Alabama is sustained solely upon the theory that it is the white man's party. We are confronted with this unsettled negro question to-day and we can not adjust it by sentiment in the future as we have in the past. Any measure was justifiable which was necessary to relieve us of the domination of the class of Republicans who held sway in Alabama immediately following the reconstruction period. But *we can not go on forever stealing the negro's ballot.* There must be a wiser and more honorable solution of the question. *We have gone too far in our election frauds,* and soon we shall learn that success founded on fraud can not be permanent. In the black belt, where the negroes are in the greater majority, the tactics by which the negro has been deprived of his vote have also served the purpose of depriving the white men of fair representation. The negro vote has been used to count the South Alabama Democrat in and the North Alabama Democrat out.

As election frauds are returning to plague their inventors "the South" is calling for the legal disfranchisement of the blacks. What is "the South" about whose demands and desires so much is said? It is continually asserted that the South wants this, that or the other, but it should be explained that such demands represent simply the desires of about 250,000 ex-slaveholders and their families. The 6,000,000 colored people are not taken into consideration when any thing is asked in the name of "the South." No account is taken of the millions of "poor whites." The Northern men who have gone into the Southern States and the men who have invested hundreds of millions of Northern capital in building railroads, establishing hotels, mills and factories, and in developing mines in that section, are not represented when "the South" speaks. A handful of Bourbon politicians and ex-slaveholders make up the political force known as "the South." They dominate the entire section and stifle the voice of every interest except their own. While the negroes and the poor whites perform the labor and produce all the wealth gained in the cotton States, a small minority of lazy, domineering ex-slaveholders assume the right to rule and determine who, if any one besides themselves, shall be permitted to exercise political rights. Southern election frauds are the work of the ex-slaveholders directly and aided by their henchmen, and now that they are being caught and pinched in their own trap they are beginning to call out in the name of "the South" for the legal disfranchisement of the blacks by constitutional amendment. But the colored voter has come to stay. He will not be disfranchised, and the ex-slaveholders will not be permitted to "go on forever stealing his ballot."—*Chicago Tribune.*

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

Harrison should have a good appetite for bird-shooting, since the office-seekers have failed to make him quail.—*Pittsburgh Press.*

The Democrats have one member of the House of the Dakota Legislature. He should hold a caucus and agree upon himself for candidate for Speaker.—*Omaha Republican.*

The attempted disruption of the Grand Army of the Republic has flashed in the pan and the danger is over. The veterans who have clung together through battle and through peace will hold their ranks unbroken till death claims the last man.—*Omaha Bee.*

What the Republican party wants, what patriotic men of all parties want, is first-rate administration. If the coming President will so select assistants as to make that sure it will not much matter whether individuals or States or party leaders are altogether well pleased.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The friends of Sim Coy, the notorious Democrat of Indianapolis, who is serving a term in the penitentiary for election frauds, are making a vigorous effort to have President Cleveland pardon him before he retires from office. They know that after the 4th of March, if Simeon is still behind the bars, he will stay there till his term has expired.—*Des Moines (Ia.) Register.*

Civil-Service Commissioner Edgerton is quoted as saying that "Civil-Service reform is like a potato-vine growing in a dark cellar—it comes up white and slender, and after a few days droops down and dies." To carry out the simile Mr. Edgerton may be called a striped potato-bug, whose mission is to kill the vine that now supports him. A dose of political paris green probably awaits him after the 4th of March.—*N. Y. Post (Mug.).*

The New York *Tribune*, in its completed table of the official vote on President, gives Harrison 5,438,458 votes, Cleveland, 5,534,368; Fisk, 249,158; Streeter, 143,003; Cowdrey (United Labor), 3,073; Curtis (American), 1,615; Socialist, 2,068; Lockwood, 3; scattering, 7,774. The increase in the Republican vote is 586,477; in the Democratic, 659,382; in the Prohibition, 98,788. The total vote is 11,364,987, an increase of 1,312,281 over 1884. Cleveland's plurality is 95,910.